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CHILD CLASSICS

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Great A, little a,
Bouncing B.
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see.

CHILD CLASSICS

THE FIRST READER

By

GEORGIA ALEXANDER
=

With pictures by

SARAH STILLWELL WEBER

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OUR STORIES

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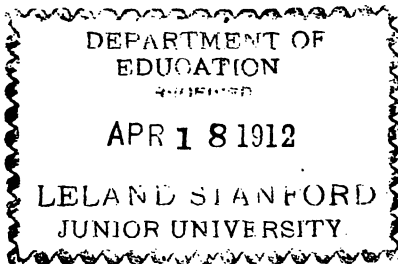
At the last you will see

X

Y

and

Z





THE FIRST READER

ALADDIN



I

Let me tell you a story!

Aladdin was a little boy.

He had no father.

His mother was good to him.

Aladdin played all day.

See suggestions to teachers.

One day a strange man came up to him.

“How do you do, Aladdin?” said he.

“Who are you?” asked Aladdin.

“I am your uncle,” said the man.

The man gave Aladdin some gold.

Then he said, “I shall come to eat
supper with you to-night.”

Aladdin ran home.

He gave the gold to his mother.

She said, “Aladdin, you have no uncle.”

II

The strange man was not Aladdin’s uncle.

He was a bad magician.

The magician came to supper that night.

In the morning Aladdin went for a walk
with the magician.

They walked and they walked.

At last they sat down.

The magician made a fire.

The magician said something to the fire.

Aladdin looked down.

There was a black cave under him.

III

The magician made Aladdin go into
the cave.

Aladdin was to get a strange lamp.

Aladdin did not like to go.

He cried and he cried.

When Aladdin came back the magician
asked for the lamp.

“You may have the lamp,” said Aladdin,
“when I get up there.”

The magician said something to the fire.

The cave closed up! Where was Aladdin?

IV

It was as black as night in the cave.

Aladdin sat down and cried.

Then he looked at the strange lamp.

He rubbed it a little.

There stood a black man!

“Who are you?” cried Aladdin.



“I am the slave of the lamp,” said
the black man. “Ask what you will.”
“Then take me home,” said Aladdin.
Aladdin was at home as quick as that!
Was he glad to see his mother?
He had the strange lamp with him, too!
That night Aladdin rubbed his lamp.
There stood the slave! “Supper!” cried
Aladdin.
The slave gave them a fine supper.
Aladdin’s lamp did strange things for him.
Do you like this story?

SOUND DRILL

six	dot	tell	sat
sit	toss	best	lamp
kiss	stop	dress	trap

LITTLE BOY BLUE



Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep are in the meadow, the cow is
in the corn.

Where is the little boy that looks after
the sheep?

He is under the haystack, fast asleep.

Will you wake him? No, not I;

For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

CINDERELLA



I

Cinderella. To-night is the ball!
I can not go.
This ragged dress is all I have.
My sisters are going.
They have pretty dresses.

Cinderella. See! They come!
A sister. Is our coach here?
Cinderella. I will see. Yes, it is here.
A sister. How do we look?
Cinderella. You are lovely.
A sister. The Prince will dance with us.
Cinderella. That he will! Good-by!

II

Cinderella. Come in! Who are you?
Godmother. I am your fairy godmother.
Cinderella. You will be kind to me.
Godmother. Are you going to the ball?
Cinderella. No. I have no pretty dress.
Godmother. You are going to the ball.
Cinderella. I am going to the ball?
Godmother. Run to the garden. Get me
a pumpkin.

Cinderella. See this big yellow pumpkin!

Godmother. That is a fine one! Look! (Holds up her wand)

Cinderella. A coach! a lovely coach!

Godmother. Yes. Now get me six white mice.

Cinderella. Here they are, godmother.

Godmother. Now see what I do! (Holds up her wand)

Cinderella. The six white mice are six white horses.

Godmother. They will run very fast!

Cinderella. Where shall we get a coachman?

Godmother. A black rat is in the trap.

Cinderella. Here he is!

Godmother. He will do very well. (Holds up her wand)

Cinderella. He makes a fine coachman!

Godmother. Now you can go to the ball.

Cinderella. In this ragged dress?

Godmother. See! See! (Holds up her wand)



Cinderella. What a pretty dress!

What pretty glass slippers!

Godmother. Be home by twelve o'clock.

Cinderella. I will, godmother. Good-by!

III

Cinderella. I am home. See my old dress!

It is just twelve o'clock.

The Prince danced with me.

Cinderella. Here come my sisters.

A sister. Are you not in bed?

Cinderella. Did you have a good time?

A sister. No. The Prince danced with
a strange Princess.

Cinderella. Who was she?

A sister. No one can tell her name. She
was lovely.

Cinderella. I am glad that you liked her.

A sister. Let us go to bed. I am sleepy.

IV

Cinderella. It is night again.

My sisters are now at the ball.

I hope the Prince will dance
with them.

Come in. Is it you, godmother?

(Jumps up and down)

Godmother. Did you dance with the Prince?

Cinderella. Yes! He thinks I am
a Princess!

Godmother. You may go again if you like.

Cinderella. May I? Thank you!

Godmother. Here is your coach. Here you
(Holds up
her wand) are! Twelve o'clock! Do
not forget.

V

(The next morning)

Cinderella. I did forget. What will
godmother say!

I ran all the way home.

I lost one slipper.

Here comes the Prince!

What can he want?

See! He has my glass slipper.

The Prince. Who can wear this slipper?

(The sisters run in)

A sister. Let us see if we can.

The Prince. No, you can not. It is too small
for you.

A sister. The lovely Princess wore it.

The Prince. Yes. I am looking for her.

Cinderella. Please see if I can wear it.

The Prince. Ah! You are my Princess!



Cock crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.



SOUND DRILL

rag	rub	den	cut
men	fox	till	nest
pig	sad	lost	plant

cave	seen	rise	wore
slave	keep	line	more
wake	geese	mice	close

DAVID, THE SHEPHERD BOY



David was a shepherd boy.
He was a fine boy. He was kind
to his sheep.
In the morning they went to the hills.
David walked with his sheep.
He loved them.

All day they went up and down.

David had a lovely harp. He played on
his harp and sang to his sheep.

One day a man came to David and said,
“The King is sad. Come play for him.”

David went to the King and played on
his harp.

The King liked David’s playing and asked
him to play again.

Then David played again and again.

At last the King asked David to come
and live with him.

Then David played every day for the King.
When David became a man he was made
King.

Hear what he sang to the tune of his
harp:

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

To be read by the teacher to the class with their books open.

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he
leadeth me beside the still waters.

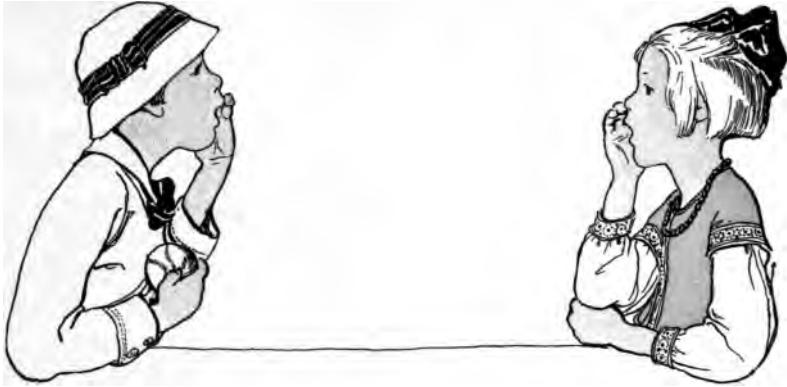
He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for
thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies : thou anointest my head
with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life : and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS



Narcissus. What a fine morning!

Echo. Fine morning!

Narcissus. Who are you?

Echo. Who are you?

Narcissus. Narcissus. Who are you?

Echo. Who are you?

Narcissus. You are Echo.

Echo. You are Echo.

Narcissus. I am Narcissus.

Echo. I am Narcissus.

Narcissus. No! No! Let me see you.

Echo. Let me see you.

Narcissus. Here I am.

Echo. Here I am.

Narcissus. Are you on the rocks?

Echo. On the rocks?

Narcissus. Here I come.

Echo. Here I come.

Narcissus. Where are you?

Echo. Where are you?

Narcissus. You are playing with me.

Echo. You are playing with me.

Narcissus. I am going away.

Echo. I am going away.

Narcissus. Good-by!

Echo. Good-by!

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE



I

A fisherman sat on the rocks by the sea.
No fish had come to his line all day.
He was just going home.
Jerk! Jerk! what was that?
Just see the queer fish on his line!
“Please put me back! Please put me
back!” cried the fish.

“That I will,” said the fisherman. “I can not eat a fish that talks.”

He put the fish back in the sea and went home.

“Where is your fish?” said his wife.

The fisherman told his wife about the queer fish.

She was angry with him. “Did you ask the fish for anything?” said she.

“No,” said the fisherman, “I did not think of that.”

“Go back and ask for a good home,” said she.

The fisherman went back to the sea. Then he said:

“Little fish, little fish,
Come, I pray, and talk to me.”

II

The fish came up out of the sea.

“What do you wish of me?” cried he.

“My wife wishes a good home,” said
the fisherman.

“Go home,” said the fish,

“Your wife has her wish.”

The fisherman went back to his wife.

There stood a lovely new home. They had
everything—pigs and geese and a cow.

“How fine!” said the fisherman.

Next morning the wife said, “I wish
to live in a castle. Go ask the fish.”

“Oh!” said he, “please do not make me.”

“Do as I tell you!” said the wife.

The fisherman went back to the sea.

“Little fish, little fish,

Come, I pray, and talk to me.”

III

The fish came up out of the sea.

“What do you wish of me?” cried he.

“My wife wishes to live in a castle,” said the fisherman.

“Go home,” said the fish,

“Your wife has her wish.”

There was a lovely castle.

They had everything—a coach with black horses to drive into town.

“Is this not lovely?” asked his wife.

“We shall see in the morning,” said he.

What do you think the wife said in the morning? I shall tell you.

“Go back to your fish and tell him you wish to be king,” said she.

“I do not wish to be king,” said the man.

“But I wish to be queen,” said the wife.
Back the old fisherman went to the sea.

“Little fish, little fish,
Come, I pray, and talk to me.”

IV

The fish came up out of the sea.
“What do you wish of me?” cried he.
“My wife wishes to be a queen,” said
the fisherman.

“Go home,” said the fish,
“Your wife has her wish.”

The fisherman went home.
The new castle was very, very big.
His wife sat on the throne.
“Do I not look lovely on this throne?”
asked the wife.

“We shall see in the morning,” said he.

The sun came up too soon to please
the wife. She wished to sleep.
“Go back to your fish,” said the wife.
“Tell him I wish to rule the sun.”
“Oh, do not make me,” said the fisherman.
“Do as I tell you!” said the wife.
Back the old fisherman went to the sea.

“Little fish, little fish,
Come, I pray, and talk to me.”

V

The fish came up out of the sea. “What
do you wish of me?” cried he.
“My wife wishes to rule the sun,” said
the fisherman.
“No one can do that,” said the fish.
“Your wife is back in her old home.”
And there she was!

SOUND DRILL

snap	time	feet	held
cane	grunt	mill	ripe
spell	tune	rose	face
deed	cost	must	cross
wind	before	bake	street

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

GOODY TWO-SHOES



I

Goody Two-Shoes! What a funny name!

How many shoes have you?

Goody Two-Shoes had only one shoe.

She was very, very poor.

That was not funny, was it?

Goody Two-Shoes was a good little girl.

She had no father or mother.

A kind man and his wife asked her to live
with them.

They gave her two shoes.

She jumped up and down, crying

“Two shoes, two shoes,
See my pretty two shoes !”

That is how she came to be named Goody
Two-Shoes.

Every one liked Goody Two-Shoes.

She was so good to them.

She liked the children best.

She helped them with their letters.

She cut the letters out of wood.

Then the children named them.

Can you name all your letters?

II

It was seven o'clock in the morning.

Goody Two-Shoes ran up to Farmer

Wilson's door. Tap, tap!

"Who is there?"

"Goody Two-Shoes."

Out ran little Billy. "How do," said
little Billy.

Goody Two-Shoes put down all her
wooden letters like this:

b a l h k m o q s u w y x f d c e g i n
p r t v z j

Billy could name every letter.

Then he put the letters like this:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z

Billy's mother came in. She was pleased.

III

After that Goody Two-Shoes went to
help Sally Simpson.

“Bow-wow!” said the dog at the door.

“Come in,” said Sally’s mother. “We
are glad to see you.”

Goody Two-Shoes asked Sally to spell
top and *ball* and *hen*.

Sally could spell them as fast as you can.

IV

Farmer Cook had three children.

They jumped up and down when Goody
Two-Shoes came to the door.

Goody Two-Shoes gave them her letters.

“What did you have for dinner?”

“Bread,” said little Tom.

“Spell it,” said she.

B-r-e-a-d, spelled Tom with the letters.

“Now, Polly, what did you have?”

“Apple pie.” Then she spelled it.

Now, let us play Goody Two-Shoes.

Who will play Billy?

Who can spell *apple pie*?

SOUND DRILL

three **s**hut **l**uck **l**ay

thing **s**hip **s**tick **w**ay

throne **s**hape **t**hick **p**ray

thump **s**heep **b**lack **s**tay

A RIDDLE

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
All the king's horses can not pull it up.



This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt

That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cat

That caught the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog

That worried the cat



That caught the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cow with

the crumpled horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn

That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the malt



That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man
all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn



That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven
and shorn
That married the man
all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat



That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed
in the morn
That waked the priest
all shaven and shorn
That married the man
all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



CAPITAL I AND LITTLE I



- I I am going for a walk.
i Please let me go with you.
I It may rain. I have but one umbrella.
i I do not wish an umbrella. This dot
keeps the rain off.
I Very well, but you must walk behind.
i Walk behind! I shall not. I am just
as good as you are.

I I am an A B C.

i I am an a b c, too.

I The little a b c's always walk behind
the big A B C's.

i We are in more words than you.

I What words are you in?

i I am in *is* and *it* and *in*.

I I am in *Indian*. Indians run and
jump and shoot.

i I am in *Indian*, too. Here I am!

I I had not seen you.

i All Indians have two eyes! They see
with their eyes! Ha! Ha!

I So they do. Ha! Ha!

i Now, may I walk with you?

I Yes. I like you. You are funny.

i Thank you very much.

JOHNNY CAKE, JOHNNY CAKE!



A little old man and his wife had no children.

They wished for a little boy very much.

One day the little old wife said
to the little old man:

“I shall make me a Johnny Cake.”

She cut out a cookie in the shape
of a boy.

She made him as big as the pan!

She gave him a cap.

She gave him a coat.

She gave him two funny shoes.

Two black currants made his eyes.

He was a funny little man. Ha! Ha!

Soon he was baked and out of the pan.

"How lovely!" said the little old wife.

"We shall eat him for supper."

Thump! What was that?

Johnny Cake had jumped down.

He ran out of the house.

How fast he ran!

The little old wife ran after him.

"Johnny Cake! Johnny Cake! Stop!"

But Johnny Cake did not stop.

“I shall run away from you. Ha ! Ha ! ”

The little old man ran after him, too.

He ran on till he came to a cow.

“Johnny Cake! Stop!” cried the cow.

But Johnny Cake did not stop.

“I have run away from the little old wife,
The little old man.

I shall run away from you ! Ha ! Ha ! ”

Then the cow ran after him, too.

Soon he came to some men.

“Johnny Cake! Stop!” cried the men.

But Johnny Cake did not stop.

“I have run away from the little old wife,
The little old man,
The cow.

I shall run away from you ! Ha ! Ha ! ”

Then the men ran after him, too.

Soon he came to a fox.

“Johnny Cake! Stop!” cried the fox.

But Johnny Cake did not stop.

“I have run away from the little old wife,

The little old man,

The cow,

The men.

I shall run away from you, too ! Ha ! Ha !”

The fox ran after him very fast.

He soon had Johnny Cake.

“One, two, three!”

That is the end.



KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES



King Alfred. Where am I? I am lost!

What a dark night! How
cold it is!

I hope I shall find a house
soon.

There is a farmer's hut.

(Taps at the door)

Woman. How do you do, sir?

King Alfred. Good woman, may I sleep
here to-night?

Woman. Come in. You shall have
supper and bed.

King Alfred. Thank you. I am cold
and hungry.

Woman. Are you tired? Sit by the fire.

King Alfred. Yes, I am tired. I have
walked all day.

Woman. You are sad. Can I do
anything for you?

King Alfred. No, thank you.

Woman. I am going to milk the cow.
Do not let the cakes burn.

King Alfred. I will not let the cakes burn.

(Woman goes out)

King Alfred. Where are my brave soldiers?

(Walks to the door)

What a cold dark night!

(Woman runs in)

Woman. Don't you smell those cakes?

They are burned! See

how black they are!

King Alfred. That is too bad! Do not be

angry with me!

Woman. Those cakes are all I have.

Here is some milk.

King Alfred. I am glad to eat the burned

cakes. Thank you.

SOUND DRILL

such	white	sea	roar
much	while	mean	coat
rich	which	read	coach

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

I

It is a fine morning.

A lion is sleeping in his den.

Here comes a little mouse.

Look! he has run over the lion's paw.

The lion is awake. What will he do?

He is lifting up his paw. Is he going
to kill the little mouse?

Listen! the mouse is talking.

"Do not kill me, kind lion. I did not
mean to waken you."

"Well, you did waken me. I mean
to eat you," roars the lion.

"Please let me go!" begs the mouse.

"Some day I will help you."

“What could you do?” roars the lion.

“If you wish to live, don’t stay here.”

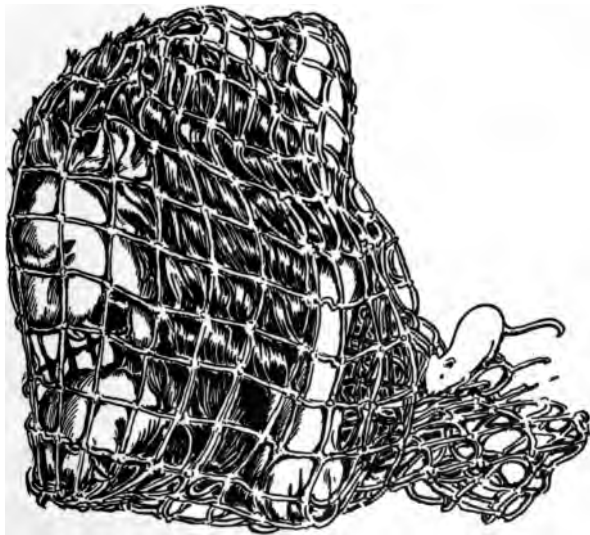
See the mouse run!

Can you run as fast? Let us see.

II

It is ten days after. The lion is in a net.

He can not get out. How he roars!



The little mouse comes running.

“Listen! Listen!” cries the little mouse.

“I can help you, kind lion.”

“What can you do?” roars the lion.

“I can bite your ropes in two,” it says.

See the brave little mouse!

She has bitten the ropes in two!

“Thank you, little mouse,” says the lion. -

“I am glad I was kind to you.”

SOUND DRILL

poor	ball	house	blow
goose	talk	mouse	crow
choose	walk	ouch	thrown
sir	burn	her	sang
dirt	hurt	jerk	long
bird	turn	were	ring

MAGPIE'S NEST



A long time ago birds did not build nests.
Just one bird could build a nest.
That was Magpie. She could build
a fine one.
“How do you make a nest?” asked
the birds.

“This is the way,” said she. “I take
some mud and make a little cake.”

“I see,” said the Thrush, and flew away.
Did you ever see a thrush’s nest? It is
just a little cake of mud.

“Then,” went on Magpie, “I take some
sticks and lay them over the mud.”

“I can make a nest, too,” said Blackbird,
and away he flew.

Blackbirds to this very day make nests
of mud and sticks.

Then Magpie put mud on top of the sticks. —

“Ha! Ha!” cried Owl, “I see how you do
it.” And that is the kind of nest
the owl can make.

But Magpie went on. She got some
wool and sticks to line the nest.

The Dove sat by till the last.

But she did not listen.

“**Take two, Tootsy, take two!**” said she.

This made Magpie angry and she cried,

“**Take one, I tell you; just one!**”

But the Dove did not listen. She flew
away saying, “**Take two, Tootsy,
take two!**”

I hope you listen to what is said to you.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
And a child that is born on Christmas Day
Is fair and wise, good and gay.

THE NORTH WIND AND THE SUN

The North Wind makes us cold.

The Sun makes us hot.

The North Wind does not like the Sun.

One day the North Wind said, "Let us see which is the stronger."

"Very well," said the Sun, "I am sure I am the stronger. How shall we do it?"

"Let us make that man take off his coat," said the North Wind.

"Good!" cried the Sun. "See if you can make him take it off."

The North Wind blew a long, long time. He could not make the man take off his coat.

The Dove sat by till the last.

But she did not listen.

“Take two, Tootsy, take two!” said she.

This made Magpie angry and she cried,

“Take one, I tell you; just one!”

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said the North Wind.

"Good!" cried the Sun. "See if you can
make him take it off."

The North Wind blew a long, long time.
He could not make the man take
off his coat.

She went to the baker's

To buy him some bread;

When she came back,

The poor Dog was dead.



She went to the hatter's

To buy him a hat;

When she came back,

He was feeding the cat.



She went to the barber's

To buy him a wig;

When she came back,

He was dancing a jig.



She went to the tailor's

To buy him a coat;



But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.



She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.



The Dame made a curtsy,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow-wow."



This wonderful Dog

Was Dame Hubbard's delight;

He could sing, he could dance,

He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,

Whenever he fed;

And erected a monument

When he was dead.



SOUND DRILL

for	harp	flew	wood
horse	dark	blew	cook
north	arm	threw	wool

PRINCE CHERRY



I

A king was riding in the woods.
A little rabbit jumped into his arm
The rabbit was white all over.
It was such a pretty rabbit.
Some one had hurt the rabbit.

"Poor little rabbit," said the king.
"I will take you home."
He took the rabbit home.
He gave it everything good to eat.
He gave it a little house to sleep in.
Do you see what a kind man he was?

II

The king lay fast asleep.
A fairy wakened him.
She was a lovely woman, dressed all in
white.
The king sat up in bed and looked at her.
"Who are you?" asked he.
"I am your good fairy," said the woman.
"You were kind to me yesterday."
"I have never seen you before," said
the king.

PRINCE CHERRY



I

A king was riding in the woods.
A little rabbit jumped into his arms.
The rabbit was white all over.
It was such a pretty rabbit.
Some one had hurt the rabbit.

can not choose one of those wishes,"
said the king.

What more could I do for him?" asked
the fairy.

Make him good. What can riches do for
a man that is bad?"

Can not make him good," said the fairy.

"He must do that for himself."

He means to be good," said the father,
"but sometimes he gets angry."

Can help your son to be good," said
the fairy.

"I shall be glad to do that."

Thank you. Now I shall be happy."

The king lived a long time. At last he
died. Every one was sad.

The prince became king.

“I was the little white rabbit,” said
the fairy. “I wished to find
out what kind of man you are.”

“I did not think a rabbit could be
a fairy,” said the king.

“I was that white rabbit yesterday,” said
the fairy. “Thank you for being
so kind.”

“I like to be kind to every one,” said
the king.

“What shall I do for you?” asked
the fairy.

“I have but one wish,” said the king.

“What is that?” said the fairy.

“Be kind to my son. I love him very
much,” said the king.

“Shall I make him rich or handsome?”

I can not choose one of those wishes,"
said the king.

What more could I do for him?" asked
the fairy.

Make him good. What can riches do for
a man that is bad?"

I can not make him good," said the fairy.

"He must do that for himself."

He means to be good," said the father,
"but sometimes he gets angry."

I can help your son to be good," said
the fairy.

"I shall be glad to do that."

Thank you. Now I shall be happy."

The king lived a long time. At last he
died. Every one was sad.

The prince became king.

III

I have not told you the name of
the son.

He was Prince Cherry.

Prince Cherry loved his father very much—

How sad he was when his father died!

Every one hoped Prince Cherry would—
make a good king.

Cherry said, “I want to be just as good
and kind as my father was.”

He had been king three days.

When he was fast asleep the fairy came
to him. She wakened him.

“Here is a ring for you, King Cherry,”
said the fairy.

“What shall I do with the ring, good
fairy?” asked Cherry.

“That ring,” said she, “will help you to be good. It will pinch you when you forget.”

IV

The next day Cherry was out riding. It had been raining. He got mud on his clothes. This made him angry. His fairy ring gave him a little pinch. He did not think much about it. Just then his little dog ran in his way. Cherry forgot! He kicked the poor little dog.

“Ouch! ouch!” cried Cherry.

The ring had given him a big pinch. That made him think. He took the dog up in his arms and patted it. Do you see how the fairy helped Cherry?

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND RALEIGH

I

Raleigh. Nine o'clock! It is time Blour
was here.

The rain has made him late!

How wet everything is!

The roads will be muddy.

I shall need my thick shoes.

Here they are.

(Blount comes in)

Blount. Good morning, Raleigh. It is
 cold to-day.

Raleigh. I am glad the sun shines.

Blount. Take your cloak. It is cold.

Raleigh. I have a new cloak. How do
you like it?

Blount. It becomes you well. I am sure
it cost you much gold.

Raleigh. Yes. It cost me three days' pay.

Blount. Well, it is handsome.

Raleigh. Let us go.

II

Blount. How the castle shines in the sun!

Raleigh. See the Queen! She has been
out in her boat.

Blount. Let us wait here. We should
not go before her.

Raleigh. The Queen is coming this way.

Blount. I am glad she does not know us.

Raleigh. Just see the mud! The Queen
must not walk in it.

Blount. Here she is!

(Raleigh kneels with his cloak)



Elizabeth. Thank you, good sir. That was
a kind deed.

Raleigh. It was very little to do for you,
lovely Queen.

Elizabeth. You shall have a new cloak!

Raleigh. I do not wish for anything,
my good Queen.

Elizabeth. I know not your name.

Raleigh. I am Walter Raleigh.

Elizabeth. You are Walter Raleigh! You
are my brave soldier!

Raleigh. I have not done much.

Elizabeth. (Holds out her hand) You are now
Sir Walter Raleigh.

Little Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose.
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.



THE LITTLE RED HEN



“Cluck! cluck! cluck!” said Red Hen ~~as~~
she walked along.

“If I could find some wheat I would plant
it. Then I could have my own flour.”
Just then she found some big grains.

... cluck!" said Red Hen.

"Come see what I have found!"

"*Squeak!*" There was Black Rat.

"*Very fine!*" said Black Rat, very fast.

"QUACK! QUACK!" up waddled Fat Goose.

"VERY FINE," said she.

"UMPH! UMPH! UMPH!" grunted

White Pig, as he came up slowly.

"VERY FINE," said he, very slowly.

"Who will plant the wheat?" asked

Red Hen.

"*I won't,*" squeaked Black Rat.

"I won't," quacked Fat Goose.

"I WON'T," grunted White Pig.

"Then I shall do it myself," said Red

Hen. And she did.

Pretty soon the wheat was ripe.

“Who will cut this wheat?” asked Red
Hen.

“I won’t,” squeaked Black Rat.

“I WON’T,” quacked Fat Goose.

“I WON’T,” grunted White Pig.

“Then I shall do it myself,” said Red
Hen. And she did.

When the wheat was cut Red Hen ask
“Who will take it to the mill?”

“I won’t,” squeaked Black Rat.

“I WON’T,” quacked Fat Goose.

“I WON’T,” grunted White Pig.

“Then I shall do it myself,” said Red
Hen. And she did.

Soon she came back with the flour.

Then she said, “Who will make the fl
into bread?”

"I won't," squeaked Black Rat.

"I won't," quacked Fat Goose.

"I WON'T," grunted White Pig.

"Then I shall do it myself," said Red
Hen. And she did.

When the bread was baked Red Hen
asked, "Who will eat this bread?"

"I will," squeaked Black Rat, oh, so fast!

"I WILL," quacked Fat Goose, very fast.

"I WILL," grunted White Pig slowly.

"No, you won't," said Red Hen. "I
shall eat it myself." And she did.

SOUND DRILL

hold cow wait could

bold how sail would

sold town mail should

TALES OF SIMPLE SIMON



Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair:

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Pray, let me taste your ware.”

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
“Show me first your penny;”
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon
whistle.



THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he ;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Gay as gay could be.

I

There were five and twenty soldiers
in a box.

They had been made from a tin spoon.

“Tin soldiers!” cried a little boy.

It was his birthday.

The boy put the soldiers on the table.

How straight they stood!

The last soldier had only one leg.

He stood just as straight as the rest.

This soldier is the one with the story.



II

There were many playthings on the table.

The finest plaything was a castle.

You should have seen it!

There were little trees before the castle.
There was a lake, too, with swans on it.
But the prettiest of all was a little lady.
She was cut out of paper.
She wore a rose as big as her face.
The little lady held out her arms.
She was a fairy dancer.

III

“She would be just the wife for me,”
said Tin Soldier.

“I am afraid she will not have me. She
lives in a castle. I have only a box.”

You should have seen his sad face!
At night the little boy went to sleep.
Tin Soldier did not.

All night he stood and looked
at the fairy dancer.

She stood there, too, and looked at him.
“If I could only know her,” said Tin
Soldier to himself.

IV

In the morning Tin Soldier was put
in the window.

He fell out! Down, down he went!

He fell into the gutter!

The little boy came out to find Tin
Soldier but he could not.

The boy went back into the house.

Then it rained. How it rained!

When the rain was over two boys came.

“Just look!” said one. “Here is a tin
soldier. Let us make him a boat.”

They made a boat out of a newspaper.

Then they put Tin Soldier into the boat.



You should have seen him sail!

The boat rocked up and down.

The boys ran along. "Look! Look!"
cried they.

Just then the boat went into a black hole.

Tin Soldier was as brave as he could be.

He found himself in a river.

The boat was getting wet. Down it went!

Did Tin Soldier go, too?

Yes, he was snapped up by a big fish.

Was that the end of Tin Soldier?

Oh, no! No, indeed!

The fish went along very fast. Then it
was caught. It was cut open!

Some one said, "The tin soldier!"

There was the little boy.

There, too, was the fairy dancer!

The story is now soon over.

Some one threw Tin Soldier into
the stove.

He began to melt in the hot fire.

He looked at the fairy dancer.

She looked at him.

What was the end?

The wind blew her into the stove, too!



UNA AND ST. GEORGE

I

This is an old, old story.

It is older than your mother.

It is older than your grandmother.

It is about a princess named Una.

She lived with her father and mother.

She loved them dearly.

They loved her, too. She was very good-

Una's father was king over all the land.

Her mother was the queen.

They lived in this stone castle.

Do you not think it lovely?

How would you like to live in a castle
like this?

Una was very happy in it.

When the sun shone she would
walk out doors with her mother.

When it rained or was cold, she sat
inside before the big fire.

Back of the castle was a great forest.

In this forest was a deep dark lake.

One day a great dragon came out
of this lake.

He killed many people.

All the people that could, went away.

The rest of the people shut themselves
up in their houses.

Even the king and the queen were afraid
to go out of the castle.

Who could kill the dragon?

II

Una said, "I shall go to Fairy Land.
There will I find a brave knight.
He will come and kill the dragon."

Una left the castle at night while
the dragon was asleep.

She wore a black dress and rode
on a white horse.

Her face was so lovely that every one
said, "How good she must be!"

Una came at last to the castle in Fairy
Land.

The fairy queen was a good woman.

She was glad to see Una.

Una told all the people about the dragon.

The bravest knight was St. George.

"I will go with you," said St. George.

III

Una and St. George set out
the next morning.

St. George was a handsome knight.

How straight he sat on his fine
black horse!

His shield was of silver on which was
a large red cross.

He was called "The Knight of the Red
Cross."

Una was very happy. The dragon
would soon be killed.



They rode many days.

One night St. George dreamed that Una
had been taken away.

He got on his horse and rode after her.

When Una wakened in the morning

St. George was not there!

What should she do? How unhappy
she was!

She got on a horse. She rode and she rode, looking for St. George.

IV

One day she stopped in a wood. She was very tired. She lay down to rest under a tree.

A great lion rushed out to kill her. As soon as he looked at Una he stopped. He kissed her feet and licked her hands. He saw how good she was.



Una patted the lion.

After that the lion went with her
wherever she went.

She did not need to talk to him.

He could tell what she wished by looking
at her.

One night the lion killed a bold robber.

Then the lion himself was killed.

Now poor Una was sad and alone.

Would she ever find St. George?

Yes, Una found St. George.

He had been thrown into a dungeon
by a bad knight.

Una got him out.

Away they rode to kill the dragon.

It took two days to kill the dragon.

Then every one was happy.

V-A-N SPELLS VAN

I

V-a-n spells van.

How well you know your letters!

A van is a cart.

Doctor Marigold lived in a van.

He was a peddler.

He took things from town to town and
sold them from his van.

He sold dish pans, tin cups, rolling pins
and things like that.

Doctor Marigold was a very kind and
a very good man.

He was not a doctor at all. That was
a joke. He was just a peddler.

Doctor Marigold liked to be happy, but
he was not.

II

He had lost his wife and his dear little daughter.

His daughter Sophy had died in his arms. He had loved her so much that he was very sad.

One day he was in a town where there was a circus.

There was a little girl with the circus, and she was deaf and dumb.

The circus people were not kind to her. Doctor Marigold said he would take her for his daughter.

The circus people were glad to let her go. Doctor Marigold called her Sophy, for his daughter.

Sophy soon found out how kind he was.

While she could not hear what he said,
yet she could understand him.
One day he began to teach her to read.



He took her in his arms and wrote
V-A-N in large letters on the cart.
Then he made her understand that
VAN was the name of the cart.

Then he wrote Doctor Marigold on
a card.

He pinned the card on himself.

How funny he looked!

This was a good way to teach Sophy.

She could read very soon.

III

After a while Sophy became a big
girl.

She cooked the meals and kept the van
neat and clean.

She was the happiest girl you ever saw.

I can not tell you how happy she made
Doctor Marigold.

He sent her to a school for the deaf
and dumb.

She was there for two years.

While Sophy was at school Doctor
Marigold got a large yellow van.
He made a pretty room in it for Sophy.
Then he put in many books. He wrote
one book for her himself.
When she came back from school she
knew as much as any one.
She could talk with her hands.
You may be sure Doctor Marigold could
soon talk with his hands, too.
Then what fine times they had!
How it pays to be kind!

SOUND DRILL

boat	grew	large	find
hear	found	strong	wheat
spoon	never	thrush	cluck

DICK WHITTINGTON

I

Dick Whittington was very poor.

He had no home. His father and mother
had died when he was little.

He was often very hungry. Sometimes
he had only one meal a day.

Dick was a bright boy.

He listened to what people said.

In this way he heard many strange things
about London.

Some people said the streets were paved
with gold.

Surely he could get food and lodging!

He was soon walking along the road.

It was a long, long way to London.

At last he got there, very tired indeed.

The streets were not paved with gold.
Poor, tired, hungry little Dick!
Too weak to stand, he at last lay down.
A kind man, Mr. Fitzwarren, took Dick
home with him.
He gave Dick his dinner.
Then he told Dick to help the cook.
The cook did not like Dick, and was very
unkind to him.
He made Dick sleep in a garret.
In the garret were many rats and mice.
How would you like that?
Dick had a penny. He got a big cat.
It was a big black cat.
Soon there were no rats and mice
in the garret.
Now Dick could sleep in peace.

Not very long after this Mr. Fitzwarren
sent off a ship.

He let every one in his house put
something to sell into the ship.

Poor little Dick had only his cat.

He did not know what to do.

“Send your cat,” said Mr. Fitzwarren.



How Dick cried! But he sent the cat.
The cook made fun of Dick for sending
a cat to sea.

“I shall run away,” said Dick to himself.
And run away he did!

He left while the rest were asleep.

He walked about a mile.

Then he sat down on a stone.

While he sat there he heard the bells
ringing. They seemed to say:

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

SOUND DRILL

thrush	queen	rush	teach
pinch	quack	cloak	board
wheat	indeed	dream	clothes



II

Again the bells rang:

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

“If I am to be Lord Mayor I can put
up with anything now.”

He ran back to Mr. Fitzwarren. No one
had missed him.

Mr. Fitzwarren's ship landed in a strange
country.

The captain sold many things.

He was asked to dinner by the king.

Before they could sit down to dinner,
great rats rushed up.

They ate out of every dish.

"We do not know what to do with
the rats," said the king.

You know the rest of the story. The cat
was sold to the king for much gold.

Dick Whittington was now very rich.

When he grew to be a man he was made
Lord Mayor of London.

Here our stories end! Now read them
in rhyme.

OUR STORIES IN RHYME

A is Aladdin, who to good luck was born.

B Little Boy Blue, who is blowing his horn.

C Cinderella, who went to a ball
And left her glass slipper behind in the hall.

D David, the Shepherd, who loved all his sheep.

E Echo of whom we've ne'er had a peep.

F is the Fisher whose wife had her wish
Till out of all patience became the kind fish.

G Goody Two-Shoes, well known to us all.

H the House Jack built. We'll go there to call!

I is in Indian, two I's and two eyes,
Which the little I found to the big I's surprise.

J is the Johnny Cake, who'll never return.

K is King Alfred, who let the cakes burn.

L the big Lion set free from the net
By the brave little Mouse that did not forget.

M Magpie, the nest builder, at whom the birds scoff.

N North Wind, who never could force the coat off.

O Old Mother Hubbard. Can you sing me the rhyme
Of her Dog that was doing a new thing each time?

P for Prince Cherry, whom the ring saved from folly.

Q is Queen Bess and her knight, Walter Raleigh.

R is the Red Hen, who planted the wheat
And made the good bread that her friends longed to eat.

S Simple Simon—who had not a penny.

T The little Tin Soldier; like him are not many.

U is Una and St. George, the brave and the bold,
For years upon years has their story been told.

V is the Van Doctor Marigold had,
Where the deaf and dumb girl was saved and made glad.

W Dick Whittington, well known to fame—
The poor orphan boy who Lord Mayor became.

From A, B and C all the letters you see,

And now at the end you find

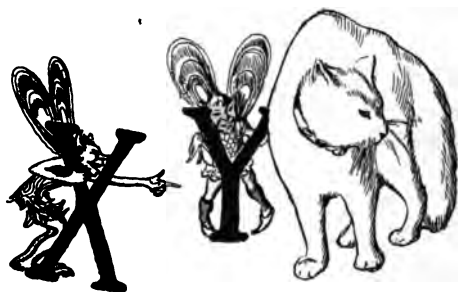
X Y

tumble-down

Z

The cat's out the cupboard,

And she can see.



SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

It will be well to read *The Primer* of this series (including the suggestions to teachers) before teaching *The First Reader*. To know *The Primer* even in a slight way will create a more intelligent and sympathetic interest in the growth of the children under your care. The dramatic form of *The Primer* should have started them toward a keen interpretation of the printed page; and its limited vocabulary together with the abundant practice should have given them some facility in word calling.

The First Reader introduces an average of only four new words to the page. A class thoroughly prepared by *The Primer* should read the book almost at sight after the first eight or ten stories are passed.

PREPARATION FOR THE READING LESSON

In the earlier part of *The Reader* it will probably be necessary for the teacher to continue the plan used in *The Primer* of introducing new words by sentences on the board. Care should be taken, however, not to spoil the child's surprise in the story found in the book. For instance, in the dialogue between Capital I and Little I, the word *eyes* occurs for the first time. Teach it objectively and without reference to the letter i, as "I have two eyes. See them." "Shut your eyes." "Open them."

The child should be put into the spirit of each story before he reads it. This can be accomplished in several ways:

(a) The teacher can tell part of the story, as in *Aladdin*, writing such new words as *strange* and *magician* on the board as she uses them orally. When interest is at its height, she can say, "Shall we read the story and find out the rest?"

(b) The teacher can interest the class by a general discussion of the underlying subject of the lesson as, for instance, how birds build their nests, in connection with *Magpie's Nest*.

(c) The class may be assigned the story, or part of the story, to study by themselves. Even little children can learn to spend the time alone profitably if carefully directed. This can be done somewhat after the fashion outlined by Hinsdale in his *Art of Study*. The teacher may ask the class, for instance, to open their books to *The Fisherman and His Wife*, and to read to her the answers to questions previously written on the board : "Where was the fisherman?" "What did the strange fish say?" and "What did the fisherman do?" Later these answers can be copied from the book with letter cards or in writing. The class should also be taught to write unknown words on slips of paper. Teach them as soon as possible, however, to get the new word both from the context and by sound. The child with the longest list is not necessarily the most diligent one. Every experienced teacher knows how readily many children fall into the habit of asking for help instead of relying upon themselves.

THE RECITATION

It is well to have the children stand in a semi-circle, near the teacher and with their backs to the light. Standing is strongly recommended rather than sitting, for the child not only gives better attention while standing, but continual sitting will become irksome to him.

The children should be required to look each sentence through before attempting to read it. Word calling should never be tolerated. Clear enunciation and pleasant tone should be required at all times.

Many of the stories lend themselves readily to dramatic action. Children of this age are still in the objective world, and their instruction should be kept as concrete as possible. The dialogue form of *The Primer* furnishes the child everything necessary but action. In this *First Reader* he will often have opportunity to create both dialogue and action. Let these be made by the children themselves. Keep yourself and your suggestions in the background.

SEAT WORK

The class may be asked to fill in elliptical exercises with letter cards as, "There was a fish on his ——." "The fish —— to the fisherman."

They may be asked to copy with crayon or pencil, Sarah Stillwell Weber's clever illustrations, such as the one on page 28, or to make original

illustrations to show the fisherman's new home, with the geese and the pig running about.

PHONETICS

A thorough review of the short and long vowels is given before the child is asked to learn the digraphs. These are taught inductively after he has learned several words containing the same digraph. Phonogram and word cards of the kind suggested in *The Primer* would be of great value. The letters can be made with oil crayon or India-ink on manila paper and should be the size of letters on the board. On one side of the card print the phonogram and on the reverse a type word. In drilling, show one side of the card, for instance three and require the child to respond "th"; or sh and require "shut."

The sound drills in the books contain only simple phonograms—reducing the mechanics to a minimum and therefore assuring a greater degree of perfection; and they contain only words to be found in the text. If additional drill is desired, the following device may be of service. It can be applied to any set of rhyming words. The teacher tells some little story, and, as the story proceeds, writes the italicized words in a column on the board for the children to read. For example: One *day* little *May* went out to *play*. In the field where she *lay* on the *hay* was a *jay*. He was very, very *gay*. For his song he asked no *pay*. To be happy was just his *way*. "What do you *say*?" asked little *May*.

Drill not only upon the mechanics, but assure yourself that the children understand the meaning of the words they are sounding. There is but one test for this, the use of the words in original sentences. If the form and the thought of a particular word are fixed in the child's mind together, he has not only acquired that word but power to use it in gaining other words by analogy both in meaning and form.

The phonetic drill should not take place during the reading lesson, but at a time especially set apart for it.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE

Keep the children's voices soft and flexible. It is to be deplored that often they become harsh and strained in the effort to fill a large school-room. Accustom yourself to conduct the lesson without a book and thus hold your class to a high standard of enunciation. Remember that the quality of your own voice will directly affect the voices of your class.

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